Homais
QUEEN
OF
TUNIS,
NOVEL.

By Sebastian Grenadine,

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Homais,
QUEEN
OF
TUNIS.

Since the Amorous Adventurers have been beyond Sea, the Discoveries of Love they have made in *Africa* have been so Successful, that that Country (as Barbarous as it is) does

now seem to be become an inexhaustible source of Galantry. Whole Fleets fraughted with Adventures are Arrived from thence; and *Love*, that was never thought to be the Province of those People, in whom, Cruelty is as Natural as Living, has a greater Influence there, than in any other part of the World. His most Secret Mysteries are Revealed to them; and there is no manner of Cunning, Stratagem, Delicacy, or Contrivance, for the Carrying on a Gallant Adventure, but what that Nation, which we have ever looked upon with some kind of Horrour, does put in Practice. In a word, *Barbary*, which in all other things is rightly called by that Name, is the most refin'd part of the Universe, in point of *Love*: as if this *God* had taken Delight to make Proselytes of so Barbarous a People, and so unfit to be His Votaries.

Ali Bashaw of *Tripoly* being Besieged in the very Capital City of His Territories, by a Famous Rebel called *Sidi. Ackmet-Benoc*, was reduced to the Necessity of having Recourse to *Caragus* King of *Tunis*; with whom, though His Brother in Law, His Correspondence for some time had not been very great. He Resolved to send Him a Signal Embassy, for the engaging Him to free him out of so severe an Extremity. The Forces of that Rebel, who had Subdued almost all the *Moors* of the Country, were in such a Posture, as that He must necessarily have lost all, unless He received speedy Succours. But that His Design might have the better Success; He Fancied, His best way would be to give that Commission to the *Sultana* His Wife, who was that King's Sister; and being a Witty Woman, and having great Power over Her Brother, She might with the less Difficulty en-

gage Him on His Side. All things were quickly prepared for this Voyage. Three of the fineſt Ships of *Tripoly* were Ordered to Convoy the *Sultana*; for only the Sea was open and free, and all thoſe who were to attend Her in that Embaſſy, being imbarked, they ſet Sail in the fineſt Seaſon imaginable; and Arrived in Five or Six Days at the Port of *Mahometa*, which is two Days Journey from *Tunis*. The King having had Notice of Her Coming, went to Receive Her in that City; their Interview was full of Joy and Tenderneſs. *Caragus* loved His Siſter extreamly, and ſeemed unable to expreſs the great Delights He took in ſeeing Her. The *Sultana*, being Naturally of a very Careſſing Humour, and having no leſs Affection for Her Brother, was inclinable enough to make returns to all His Kindneſſes, according as the Occaſion of Her Embaſſy

Requi-

Required. There was no Talk of Business during the first Day; She was wholly took up with Civilities and Caresses, and in asking general News, that are the first Discourses that usually furnish Entertainment in such Occasions.

Mahomets is a small Town, something unfit to entertain Persons of that Rank; But the Grandees of that Country, who never Travel without their Tents, are always well Lodged, wheresoever they come. The King had Caused One of the Richest and Finest that had been seen, to be prepared for the *Sultana*. He had no sooner learnt the next Day that She might be seen, than that He went to make Her a Visit. The *Sultana* having Notice of it, and being willing to make use of the good Dispositions She saw in Her Brother, had prepared (as is the Custome of the Country) the Presents She was to make Him; amongst which were

two Slaves, the one a Jeweſs, the other a Chriſtian, both of them were Young, very agreeable and perfect Beauties. The Jeweſs was the livelier of the two, and ſeemed to have a great deal of Wit; which made the *Sultana* fancy, that Her Brother would like her better than the Chriſtian; who, though very Waggiſh at the bottom, and no leſs Cunning than the other had an Air ſomething more ſerious.

Caragus coming thereupon to His Siſter, found Her in an Extraordinary Magnificence in the midſt of all theſe Fine and Rich Preſents She brought Him, and which She offered Him at His Entrance.

The King after having highly Valued, and extreamly Commended them: Received them with all the Acknowledgement as became the Affection He had for His Siſter; But She told Him, they were not the Fineſt, and that She had ſtill

ſome-

ſomething more rare to give Him: Whereupon She Cauſed the two Beautiful Slaves to come out; at the ſight of whom, *Caragus* was immediately Charmed; being really what ſuted beſt with His Humour; and His Siſter knowing His Amorous Complection, had not without Reaſon, kept this Preſent for the laſt. He Eyed them both for ſome time, without ſaying a word; and both extreamly pleaſed Him. The Chriſtian, However contrary to the *Sultana*'s Expectaon, Charmed Him moſt. They were Both of them Dreſſed very Magnificently, and after the *Franca* Mode: Inſomuch, that the Beauty and particular Merit of each of them, could only determine the Choice. The King declared His mind immediately to His Siſter, who could not forbear telling the Fair Chriſtian. This Cruelly vexed the Jeweſs; but ſome time after, ſhe had wherewith to Com-

fore her self, for the Happiness of her Rival, having been Chosen to be sent to the Grand Sieguiors *Seraglio*, whose Favourite She was. Her Reign however did not last long, by Reason of a certain Defect, more usual to Fair, than Black Women.

Caragus would have been extreamly well satisfied with His Sisters Presents, and more especially with that of those two Charming Slaves, if He might have enjoyed it, as well as the others: But the Ascendant of His Amours, did not sute in His Birth with that of Marriage; and though Nature had endowed Him with Gifts, and Inclinations that were disposed to Pleasures; yet it had not given Him a Heart that could resist the Sallies of a Jealous, and an Ambitious Wife. He was Married to the *Sultana Homais*, who was insupportably Nice in that Point; and He knew not how He should

make

make Her allow the Presents of those two Slaves, who were so Beautiful, as that they could not fail of making a Woman Jealous, who was so sometimes for no Reason at all. Not that She had too much Passion for the King; Her Mind was only filled with Ambition; and Glory had in Her the Effect, that Love has in the Hearts of other Women. Insomuch, that they were very much perplexed how to find out the Means, that that Haughty Princess might suffer (without murmuring) those two Fair Creatures in the *Seraglio*. *Rostan Bashaw* a Witty Man, having been long in great Favour with the King, who was wholly led by his Counsels, was Consulted in this Affair; and his Opinion was, that the best Course would be that the *Sultana* Her self should offer those two Slaves to the Queen. But She knowing the Spirit and Humour of that Princess, excused

Her

Her ſelf from it; and deſired the King not to expoſe Her to be ill Received by the Queen, with whom She was altogether unwilling to have the leaſt Diſpute; and indeed, the King did not think it Convenient She ſhould. Wherefore *Roſtan*, promiſing himſelf a great deal of Pleaſure in thus ſpighting a Woman whom he had Reaſon to hate, offered to preſent them himſelf, either as from the *Sultana*, or from the King. But neither did *Caragus* approve of this deſign, knowing the Averſion they had for one another; and ſaid, He would Himſelf think of ſome other Means. Then they fell to Diſcourſe of the Affairs of *Tripoli*; and *Roſtan* being already Gained by the *Sultana*, ſeconded Her Deſigns, and made the King promiſe Her all manner of Succours, and that he would forget all the Reaſons of Complaint, He had had againſt the *Baſſaw* Her Husband.

Nothing

Nothing of Importance was done in the Kingdom, but what the Queen would have a ſhare in; and having had Notice as well as the King of the *Sultana* of *Tripoli's* Coming, and of the Occaſion of Her Embaſſy, She reſolved to Accompany the King to *Mahometa*, that She might oppoſe or favour the *Baſhaw's* Deſign, according as the *Sultana* ſhould Carry Her ſelf to Her. But She no ſooner learnt of what Nature one of the Preſents was, that She had newly made Her Brother, than that She fell into ſuch a Paſſion againſt Her, as promiſed no leſs, than to Second the Deſigns of the Rebel, that She might Revenge Her ſelf on a Wretch; thus She call'd the *Sultana*, who came to Inſult Her, even in Her own Houſe, when She ſtood in moſt need of Her.

Caragus would willingly have Concealed this Intrigue from the Queen: But the Beauty of thoſe

two

two Slaves had at their first Coming made so much Noise at Court, that it was impossible to keep the *Queen* long in ignorance, and having People about the King, who were wholly at Her Disposal, and who gave Her account of all His Actions, She was quickly informed of what passed at the *Sultana's*. She fell into a Rage against the King, and besides what She called Him in Her Fury, She added Threatnings against His Sister, who going to justify Her self, and endeavour to appease Her, was refused Entrance into Her Tent. This too sensible Affront for a Person of the *Sultana's* Rank and Spirit, having put Her likewise into an angry Humour, all the Court was soon Divided: and both having their Partizans and Incendiaries, a great Disorder was upon the point of happening, for the Sake of those two Women. The Peace was at length made; and the

Arti-

Articles were, That the *Sultana* ſhould carry Her two Slaves back with Her, and that the *Queen* ſhould deſire Her to come and ſee Her, that She might repair the Injury She had done Her.

Roſtan Enraged at all this; could have wiſhed the King would once have made uſe of His Authority with the *Queen* His Wife, and that the Slaves, as was Reaſonable, ſhould have ſtayed in ſpight of all Her Power: But *Canagus* a peaceful Man, if ever there was one, choſe rather to deprive Himſelf of that Pleaſure, than to ſee Diſſention in His Houſe. The two Princeſſes continued to ſee one another, but not without Coldneſs; which rendered the Feaſts and Divertiſements the leſs agreeable, that the King had prepared for His Siſter. The *Queen* not being able to be at Reſt, as long as She ſaw thoſe two Slaves in Her Court, gave the *Sultana* as little Reaſon to be plea-

pleased as She could: and indeed, She found there but little Divertisement, being obliged to pay Civilities to an Imperious Woman, and whom She had Reason to hate; so that having obtained of Her Brother, what She desired, and having nothing more to do at *Mahometa*, She was very impatient to return to *Tripoly*. Insomuch, that the Wind was no sooner Fair for that Voyage, than that She took leave of the King, who did all He could to stay Her some time longer: But She alleadged to Him so many Reasons, as well upon the account of the *Bashaw* Her Husband, who doubtless, expected Her with great Impatience, to know the Succe's of Her Voyage; as upon the account of the *Queen*, who did not Treat Her altogether with that Honour that was Her due; that at length He let Her go, and having accompanied Her to Her Ship, He took His Leave with a very tender Regret. *Ra-*

Roſton, ever a declared Enemy of the *Queen*, and more concerned than any in the ſervile Complaiſances the King had for Her, ſeeing the *Sultana* thus depart with thoſe two Charming Slaves, He reproached Him ſeverely with his faint-heartedneſs and irreſolution. The Power he had always had over Him, made Him take that Liberty: And the King ſeeing He was in the Right, and that indeed He ought not to let Himſelf be thus Governed by a Woman, ſuffered all this very patiently. The *Court* returned to *Tunis*, where the haughty *Queen* entred as in Triumph, taking a Pride, and valuing Herſelf highly every where, that She had got the better of the fair *Sultana* of *Tripoli*, and of proud *Roſton*; for thus ſhe called them out of Contempt. But the *Baſhaw* being a Perſon that never Pardoned any thing, could not long

long neglect to Revenge Himself. He knew Her, had studied Her, and was not ignorant, that though Her Heart contained a vast deal of Ambition, it had likewise at length a great deal of Love: And this was what He waited for, as a certain means to ruin Her. She was Obliged to Him, for what she was; 'twas He who made Her Queen, and being to recompence this Service with her Affection, she had only repayed it with Ingratitude. But to be Regular, it is requisite that I enlarge something more upon this part of the Story, that will be very satisfactory to the Readers Curiosity.

Homais was the Daughter of an Eastern Turk, of a very Noble and Antient Family, Her Person Abounded in the Gifts of Nature, but wanted those of Fortune. *Rostan*, being a Knight Adventurer, and having heard talk

of

of Her Beauty, long'd extreamly for a ſight of Her, which was not difficult for Him to Procure: For, beſides that She was ſomething Related to Him, which was a pretence ſufficient enough to make a Viſit to the Father; the Title of a Princes Favorite is ſuch a Paſport as will make Him who poſſeſſes it be every where welcome where He has a mind to go. Whereupon he went one Day to Her Houſe, and as Fortune would have it, the Father was gone out; and though the Laws of the Country do not ſuffer a Man to enter a houſe when the Maſter is not at home; yet it is long ſince Favourites have put themſelves above all Laws: ſo much that the Porter knowing Him, and not daring to refuſe Him entrance, He went in to the firſt Apartment, where as Fortune would ſtill have it, He met with *Homais*; She would have run away

way at first as the Custome is, being the Honour of a Maid runs some Risque to be seen by a Man. But *Rostan* running after stayed Her, and lifting up Her *Barnus*, with which She had hid Her self, He was Charmed at the Sight of Her, and said to Her in that Moment, all that the most Tender, and Passionate Heart on Earth is Capable of Inspiring so Beautiful a Person. *Homais* deplored the outrage that *Rostan* had newly done Her, and though these Tears were more feigned, than Real, they quite Inflamed the too sensible Favourite with Love. He made Himself known to that Weeping Beauty, and fell to perswading Her, that he being a Couzin, might take the liberty He had done, without offending the Honour of a Maid. *Homais* believed Him, and was Appeased; for, she was not willing to Weep any longer; but she wanted a Pre-

tence

tence to be ſatisfied. *Roſtan* had the moſt Wit, and was the handſomeſt Man of any in the Kingdom; few Women were able to reſiſt his Paſſion, when He had been Charmed with the Beauty of any One, or that He ſeemed to be ſo: for, in *Africa* as well as elſe-where, Men are very expert in thoſe Caſes, and there is often more of *Caprichio* in their Amourous Deſigns than a real ſence of Affection. However *Roſtan* was this time Smitten in good earneſt; and as there is no Crime but what muſt be Attoned for one time or other, Love outrages perhaps againſt Him, for ſo many Treacherous prancks as He had played him, prepared to Revenge himſelf by *Homais* means. He had heard much talk of this Illuſtrious Couzin, and had likewiſe often wiſhed that he knew Her; but Ambition alone Influenced all her Deſires, and She had

had not the least design of Galantry. Her Mother who had the folly of all those who have pretty Daughters had put it in her Head; That she was only born for a King: Insomuch, that she considered this Couzen, and wished to see Him, for no other reason than that He might be a means of Raising Her to that High Degree of Fortune. But *Rostan* only thought of Himself, and Love is a Jewel we never care any one should share with us in. He speaks, he sighs, he flatters, he promises; all this is kindly received; but she requires of *Rostan* other proofs of his Passion. He employs his Credit with the King in favour of the Father, and obtain'd for him the Office of an *Agà* in the *Divan*, under the pretense of being His Relation. This procured him a great deal of Acknowledgment from the whole Family; but was of little advantage

tage to his Love. *Homais* made no Account of the Honour and Riches that were heaped upon her Father, and only thought her self obliged to People for what they did meerly for her. The Title of *Sultana* would have pleased her: *Roſtan*, who daily became more and more in Love, forasmuch as that he found Reſiſtance, lets himſelf be ſurpriſed, promiſes her that Title, goes Cunningly to work, and at length procures her it. Thus was her Family loaded with Honour and Benefits, and it ſeemed, that Love had nothing more to deſire; for *Homais* being made *Sultana*, was Arrived at the higheſt point of Glory ſhe could reaſonably Aſpire to. But who can content the Ambitious Heart of a Woman? *Homais* only conſidered the Dignity of *Sultana*, as a Degree towards the Royalty, and was unwilling to content her ſelf with that. However ſhe

thought

thought it the wiſeſt Courſe, not to diſcover yet a while her Deſign to *Roſtan*, for fear of frighting him at once; and leſt He ſhou'd prevent the Snare ſhe laid for him, ſhe was ſomething Complaiſant, and beſtowed upon him ſome Favours; ſo that if he was not altogether happy, ſo neither had he altogether reaſon to Complain. This State for a Lover, who is not yet Advanced very far in the Favour of a Miſtreſs, has ſomething very ſenſible in the beginning; becauſe it ſeems as if he had but one ſtep more to make, to Arrive at that Charming degree of Happineſs, wherein we have nothing more to deſire; but how Inſupportable is it when we are ſtopped there too long! We are tormented Night and Day with vexations, impatiences and diſguſts; and it is almoſt better to be altogether Unhappy. *Roſtan* did nothing more than Languiſh and

Com-

Complain of the heard [illegible]-neſs of *Homais*; *You love me*, (ſaid he to her) *or at leaſt, you ſay ſo; but for my part, I ſee no appearance of it*; *How?* (anſwered *Homais* to him) *ſo much eagerneſs that I dayly make appear to ſee, and hear of you? So much pleaſure that you ſee I take in your Company, are they not marks ſufficient enough to prove my Affection? No*, (replyed that Lover) *all this is only a meer Amuſement, and to make our ſelves the better known in the beginning of a Paſſion, but when we are or would be fully perſwaded of the Affection we have for one another, we not only proceed further, but Conſummate the buſineſs. How?* (replyed *Homais*) *is it nothing to love to that Exceſs that is ſo dangerous to a Maid?* What other danger do you run, (interrupted *Roſtan*,) *than that of loſing, and ſeeing me Dye, if you do not take more pitty of me.*

This Converſation, had ſome-

tender, as would have melted any other Heart in favour of *Roſtan*: but that of *Homais*, did but the more Animate this Ambitious Woman in the Reſolution of purſuing her Deſign, ſeeing her Cozin ſo much in love with her as that he was no longer able to refuſe her any thing: Inſomuch that *Roſtan* one day more Paſſionate than ever, having asked her, *If ſhe deſired his Death, for a tryal of his Love?* She anſwered him *No, but that ſhe ſtill deſired ſomething of him, that was above all. He had yet done for Her: That perhaps He would be ſurpriſed at it, and find it a difficult Task, That however She muſt neceſſarily obtain it of Him, if it was true he loved her as much as he ſaid he did: and that her Heart was only to be given upon that Condition.* *Roſtan*, who would have employed his life a thouſand times for Her ſake, not believing there could

could possible be any thing but what he might do, and being impatient to know the business, He begged her to tell him without making Him Languish any longer, *what service, what help, what hazard, what trouble, and in what he might employ his Life for Her sake*; protesting to her already by way of Advance, *That there was nothing but what he would do to please her, and make himself altogether worthy of her Heart. Homais* having got this assurance from him, made no more difficulty to tell him what her Ambious Heart aspir'd to, and that nothing but a Crown could content it, and that he should be Master of every thing but that, in case he procured it her, and that then she would satisfy his Longings, & Sacrifice all things to him, whenever he desired it. Never did a Thunderbolt falling at the feet of a Man, cause such an Effect upon a Heart, as this Proposi-

tion of *Homais* did upon that of the amorous *Roſtan*. He fancied his hearing failed him; and that he had not rightly underſtood what that Ungrateful and Ambitious Creature had newly ſaid. He was near upon a quarter of an hour without being able to anſwer her, keeping his Eys fixed upon the ground, with an immovable Air, without once raiſing them up to her, who was no longer in any perplexity. *Is this* (ſaid he to her, after ſome great ſighs, with which he eaſed his Heart) *what you deſire from my Love? Is this*, (repeated he once more) *the recompence that I am to expect for my Services: Can I only be happy by rendring my ſelf the moſt wretched of all Men? Cannot I pleaſe but by Deſtroying my ſelf. Ah, too Fatal Deſtiny! Perfidious Love, Ungrateful Miſtreſs!* Saying theſe Words, he got up, all diſordered, went away in a Pet, and withdrew

drew to his own House, where probably he passed his time but very ill. *Homais* could have wished, that *Rostan* had not been so nice in Love, that he had been more Complaisant, and that her Design had succeeded better; but she could not Repent of what she had done: for her Ambition made her look upon all manner of Conditions as beneath her, except that of being *Queen*; she fancied her Heart deserved it, and that *Rostan* would but give her her due, though he Purchased it at that Rate.

This Desolate Lover passed some Days without seeing the Ambitious *Sultana*; and was so extream Melancholly, that it Amazed all the *Court*; and likewise Troubled the King very much, who could never learn the Occasion of it, though it had almost brought him to the Grave. But at length, after having Consulted his Heart again for some time, if it would not choose ra-

ther to Dye, than not be beloved, but by seeing what it adored, enjoyed by another, he was loath to leave this World; insomuch, that he resolved to Write to that ungrateful Creature, which he did in these Terms.

IF the sad Condition (too unjust *Homais*) *your Cruelty has Reduced me to, has not yet been able to move you to Pitty: you will at least be touched with my blinded Passion; that to please you, forces me, not only to forget my self, but makes me Sacrifice all my Happiness to your Ambitious Desires. Why did you not Ask my Life? I should not have found it difficult to have satisfied you: I fancy, I should not have dared to have Murmured: But require Love to betray it self, to make my Heart help you to Stab me: Certainly nothing can be more Cruel or Unjust. However, you shall be Obeyed; and I will make this Sacrifice to your Beauty:*

Once

Once Dying was not sufficient; and you have found the means of putting me to Death every Day. You shall have suddenly that Pleasure, for I am going to endeavour your Satisfaction: Adieu.

This *Note*, which he was about to put an end to, being delivered to the *Sultana* by a faithful Agent, she made him this Answer.

I *Do not desire your Death. Heaven is my Witness, nothing is so Dear to me in the World, as you are: But if you have a mind I should excuse the weaknesses of your Heart, why will not you excuse those of mine. You are Governed by Love, and I am by Glory; Our Ascendants are equally Powerful. Favour mine, and I shall take Care to Satisfy yours. what a Delight would it be to me to be Obliged to so Dear a Lover, for all the Greatness I can hope for in this World? How Great will your*

Joy be, to have made her Happy you Love; and to have fixed your Heart in the highest Place you could Mount it to. Never were these two Passions at so great a Distance; and never will they be so well United. You have made an excellent Beginning: You Love me as much as I desire; but Compleat what you have begun, and let Us make appear in Us two a Marvellous Example of two Real Lovers. I Repeat it to you here again, that I Love you; and as you are ready to do all for me, so you will likewise ever find me ready to do all for you: Farewell.

Rostan Trembled when he Received this Letter, and Read it with extraordinary Motions of Joy, and of Love. There was more of Glory in it, than Kindness; but all that came from that Beautiful *Sultana* Charmed him, he would have Loved it, though it had been Poyson: and indeed, nothing could be

more

more Bitter to the Heart of a Lover, than what she exacted from him. He however Resolved to do it; and from that Day beginning to Recover, he made secret Practices and Cabals, for the bringing his Design to Effect; and the King knew not that it proceeded from him, and indeed the Marriage was Consummated in a very few days, and without his being the least suspected. Some of the Chief of the *Divan*, were deputed to represent to this Prince, that it was time he should think of leaving them Lawful Successours, that it would be the Glory of his Race, and the Benefit of his Kingdom; and that he needed only to choose which of the *Sultana's* he liked Best. The King having thanked them for their Zeal for the Good of the State, and the Affection they had for his Person, made them this Answer, That he had no other desire, than that of satisfying them; but that,

as it was an Affair that demanded some Reflection, he could not give them a positive Answer at that time; but that he would in few days, and then dismissed them.

He then Consulted some of his Confidents upon the Choice he was to make, who being all gained by *Rostan*, to whom they almost all owed their Fortunes, made him cast his Eyes upon several *Sultana's*, but Extolled none of their Merits so much as they did that of *Homais*, who was the most perfect Beauty in all that Country. The King being very sensible on that side, was easily taken; and having likewise Consulted therein his dear *Rostan*, who was the Soveraign Arbitrator of all his Wills: He was confirmed more than ever in that Choice: this Favourite thanking him, that he Condescended of himself to do this Honour to one of his Relations, whom he was not Acquainted with, but whom he

he had heard talked of with great Admiration. This Prince being already in Love, upon the Reports of others, with a Creature he had not yet seen, impatiently longed to Content his Heart, as well as satisfy the desires of his People; and having called a *Divan* the next Morning, he concluded the Marriage, and Consummated it that very Evening. They go to Work in that Country without much Ceremony; and all Business is both quickly Resolved on, and quickly put in Execution. Thus is *Homais* Raised upon the Throne; her Ambition had nothing more to pretend to: and all she had to do more, was to satisfy Love. Though *Roſtan* might now hope to be suddainly Happy, yet he was not Capable of Joy; and not being yet perfectly Recovered, the Remnants of his Disease served for a pretext to help him Conceal all the Torments of his Heart, while

all

all others were full of Joy and Mirth. The King, who kept nothing concealed from him, took Delight in acquainting him as his Confident, with the secret Beauties of *Homais*, which had Charmed him: but which almost Madded the unhappy *Roſtan*. In a word, never had Lover more Reaſon to complain of his ill Fortune, than that Favourite had; but his Sufferings were not yet at an end, and Love was preparing him ſome that were much more Stinging.

The Haughty *Homais* being naturally Proud, found Greatneſs her Province, and eaſily Acted the part of a *Queen*. She had all her Lifetime promiſed her ſelf to be ſo one Day, and except a certain Joy, for being Arrived at the higheſt Point of her Deſires, there was not any Alteration in her. *Roſtan*, whoſe Amorous Policy required he ſhould behave himſelf ſo as to give no ſuſpition, more eſpecially in the begin-

beginning of this Marriage, when the King was all Flame, and would have been Jealous of nothing, ſhunned ſeeing her; and likewiſe, avoided the Occaſions of following that Prince, when he went to the *Queen's* Apartment, where having nothing yet to do, it would have been a Torment to him, to have been there. But at length, ſome time being thus paſſed in theſe precautions, and without Summoning her to perform her Promiſe, Love ſpurring him on, told him, That the Hour was come, to put *Hotmais* in mind of it, and of the Acknowledgement ſhe owed him. The *Queen* ſtanding no longer in need of him, and fearing to ſubject her *Grandeur* to a Favourite, who acted the Maſter but too much already, was very far from having thoſe Amorous Complaiſances for him, that would render her his Slave. However, as her Authority was not yet ſo well Eſtabliſhed,

as

as not to be afraid to have him for her Enemy; prudence required she should dissemble, and she chose to weary him by much waiting. Insomuch, that she daily Entertained him with puts-off and delays, taking sometimes one pretext, and sometimes another. *Rostan* not wanting penetration, quickly discovered what all these Shifts tended to. He fell immediately into a Rage; but it was not yet time to make it appear. He returned to the Charge, he asked, he pressed, he sigh'd, talk't of Dying. All this did him no good: She pitied him; but was yet more afraid of ruining her self, and the King's Jealousy was a pretext she made use of, and which served for Answer, to all the Reproaches he made her; from Reproaches he proceeded to Threatnings: but she Laughed both at his Reproaches, and his Threatnings, and believed she had Reason to Treat him, as

he did her; for being seduced by too much Vanity, and daring to aspire to Favours, that he ought only to expect from the meer Grace of her, who was above him. How great was his Despair, to see himself thus deceived: he was so outraged against himself, that considering himself as the main Criminal; for having trusted in the most Traiterous, and Ambitious Woman under the Heavens, he had like to have turned his Vengeance upon his own Person: but considering how great a Satisfaction, and Kindness it would be to that ungrateful Creature, to free her from such an Enemy as himself; staying him, he turned all his Choler against her, and prepared her all the Effects of an invincible Hatred. The Truth is, Nothing is so dangerous as a Lover outraged, to that point. He passes usually from one extremity to another. But *Homais* fancyed her self already above such kind of attempts.

tempts. She begun to Rule the King, whose ordinary Weakness was to let himself be Governed, though he was Born to Govern others.

In the mean time, *Roxan* kept a watching Eye over the *Queen's* Actions. *Caragus*, whose strongest Passion lasted seldome above Four and Twenty Hours, began to have less eagerness and kindness for her. Her Pride, and her Haughty, and imperious Manners something displeased him; and *Roxan*, whom he told his Mind to in that Case, was very instrumental towards the disgusting him all together. He had often talked to him of *Ozira's* Beauty, the General of the *Galeyes* Daughter, and engaged him to make her a private Visit, which was followed by several others. The *Queen* was not long without observing this Change, or divining from whence it proceeded. The King was of the Nature of several People,

ple, who have more Will than Deed, and having got a Miſtreſs, that pleaſed him better than the *Queen*; he was more than uſually abſent from her, which others would have been more troubled at, than *Homair* was: But her Heart had had a Deſtiny, that not only Comforted her for the King's Negligence; but made her find it to be her Advantage, not to have him ſo often near her.

Ibrahim, a young Favourite of the King had that Liberty in the *Serrallio*, that only a Man of *Caragu's* Humour was capable of giving to a young Man ſo handſome, and well made as he was, and in whom nothing was wanting, as is uſually in thoſe, who are encharged with keeping thoſe Priſons of *Love*. He had leave to enter into all the Apartments of the Women; and even to have Adventures there, with which he every Evening entertained the King, who took a

Delight

Delight therein it. *Homais* would not suffer him at first to come into her Lodgings, as he did into all the others; but the King not being able to Live without seeing him, and loving him with an extraordinary Kindness, begged her not to deprive him of that Satisfaction, which he obtained without difficulty; for what the *Queen* had done, was only to insinuate her self the more into the King's Confidence. She had seen young *Ibrahim* in two or three Occasions; she had found him very Handsome, and of a very Charming Wit; and the pleasant Stories the King told her of him, sometimes having extreamly Diverted her, she would willingly have had that Pleasure oftner, had she not been afraid of making the King Jealous. Wherefore, she made use of this Address, and seemed not to Care for this young Favourite, who might perhaps one time or other have told Sto-

ries

ries of her; to the end, the King whose weak side she knew might interpose, and procure her Consent, that he might have free Access to her Apartment, as well as to the others of the *Seraglio*.

Ibrahim being not Cunning enough to penetrate into the Thoughts of such a Woman as *Homais*, bore her a grudg for the Contempt she seemed to have for Him, and notwithstanding all she could do afterwards, there still remain'd a Rancor in His Heart against Her, which He did not think He should be so suddainly Cured of. *Rostan* wanting such a Man as *Ibrahim* for the carrying on his Design of ruining the *Queen*, did not find it difficult to engage Him on his side, & still animating him more and more against her, he was well assured that having such a Spy, she could neither do, nor say any thing that might be turned to her Disadvantage, but he should

be

be immediately informed of. That was true, if Love had not been ſtronger than Hatred; but where are thoſe irritated Hearts that can reſiſt a pretty Woman, eſpecially when ſhe makes uſe of Complaiſance. *Homais* did not fail to obſerve the Effect, that Her ſeeming oppoſing of *Ibrahims* coming into Her Apartment had had upon his Spirit; and that he was too young to be able to unravel Her real Deſignes; but ſhe was in hopes of making him return to her very quickly, and be at her diſpoſal. The employ this Favorite had near the King in the *Wardrobe*, and all that concerned his Perſon, gave her opportunities enough, being often all alone in her Apartment: Inſomuch, that ſhe took delight at thoſe hours to come up to him, and ask him very often uſeleſs queſtions; which ſerved her for a pretext to take and indeavour to reduce him. All this however was

not

not yet Powerful enough, & the Spirit of the haughty *Ibrahim* was too prepoſſeſſ'd againſt her, for him to yield to ſuch weak Baites; on the contrary the more Advances ſhe made of that Nature, the more averſion he ſeemed to have for her, for *Ibrahim* without being wanting in the reſpect he owed her, ſeemed to be very hard-hearted. Nothing ſtings ſo much the haughtyneſs of a Beauty as Reſiſtance. It often netled her to the very Soul; and ſhe would ſometimes have willingy been angry, had ſhe not feared to ſpoile all. Inſomuch, that ſhe wholly employed her mind in Stratagems, and ingaging Artifices to ſoften the ſavage humour of this handſome young Fellow, ſometimes ſhe ſuffered her ſelf to be ſurprized at the hours ſhe knew he was to come, in poſtures that were capable of inflaming with Love the moſt inſenſible hearts in the World, and ſomtimes ſhe imployed him to dreſs her,

her, and ſometimes to undreſs her under different pretexts, wherein ſhe did not at all manage her ſelf, that he might ſee Beauties, that are the true Poyſon of the eyes, there is not a man whoſe heart is proof againſt theſe kind of Aſſaults. *Ibrahim* bluſhed, and ſometimes grew pale on thoſe Occaſions, and when ſhe asked him what he ailed, he knew not what anſwer to make, but Sighed.

Things were much in this poſture when news came of the *Sultana* of *Tripoli's* voyage, and that the Court went to *Mahometa*, but *Ibrahim* did not go, having had ſome buſineſs that ſtayed him at *Tunis*. The Queen being extream uneaſy by reaſon of his abſence, impatiently longed to ſee him; but to ſee him in private, counting all the reſt for nothing. *Roſtan* had of late obſerved, that *Ibrahim* was no longer ſo exact in giving him an account of the Queens carriage; that

that he ſpoke of her with more Moderation, than he uſed to do; that he ſtayed longer, than was requiſite in her Apartment, that he even paſſed whole Days there. All this I ſay, having cauſed him to make ſome Reflections, he fancied he was none of the Cunningeſt; and that ſo ſubtle a Woman, as *Homais* might eaſily have Corrupted the Fidelity of ſuch a young Man as *Ibrahim*. He knew that though a Woman was Haughty, ſhe might not be inſenſible, and that he ought not to Judge of her, by her Carriage to himſelf; that there are Hearts that love to ſtoop, as others do to mount; and that what he had not been able to Effect by his Services and his Love, another might have brought to paſs by his Youth, and other Qualities that he had not; that every Woman had her weak ſide, and that the Secret was to find it out, or rather to be made for it, there being

ing certainly Hearts that abſoluetly depend on the *Caprichio* of the Stars. He would have the Pleaſure of clearing this Point, he ſtudied *Ibrahim*, who was not upon his Guard, not thinking he was ſo narrowly obſerved, and he found at length what he ſought for. But he would make no noiſe of it, till he had wherewith to convict thoſe, he would accuſe; well knowing that in theſe kind of things nothing ought to be done by halfes. At the Courts return from *Mahometa*, He fancied that the juncture would be favourable enough for him, and that the Queen who had not ſeen her dear *Ibrahim* in a long time would not fail to ſeek for an oppertunity; wherein indeed ſhe was not miſtaken; for he was no ſooner arrived, than that ſhe let him know by a *Mooreſs* who was their confident that ſhe muſt abſolutely ſee him that evening, and that ſhe was well aſſured the King

would

would not lye in the *Seraglio*. *Ibrahim* made Answer, that he would not fail to come: he knew the Hour and Place of Assignation; those things having been long Regulated between them. *Roſtan* having only that Affair in his Head, watched him Inceſſantly; and perceiving he did all things in haſt that Evening, he did not doubt, but that there was ſome Deſign of an Amorous Interview: Inſomuch, that the King having a mind he ſhould be of a Party, that was to go Sup at the General of the *Galleyes* Houſe, he deſired to be Diſpenced with all, having Affairs of great Importance to do; not being willing to loſe ſo fair an Opportunity, as he fancied was then offered him. And indeed, ſhe could not have eſcaped him, had he not had to do with the moſt ſubtle Woman that Heaven ever Created, and with the Blindeſt Prince that was ever upon the Earth. He cauſed *Ibrahim*

to be watched, to know when he went into the *Queens* Apartment, and having learnt that he was there; he did not think of taking the ordinary way to ſurprize them, well imagining that the Door would be ſhut, and that Means would be found out to make the Gallant eſcape before it ſhould be Opened; and that this would only make a Noiſe, and turn all to his own Confuſion. He had too much Experience in thoſe kind of things to undertake them ſo indiſcreetly. The *Queens* Chamber joyned to a *Terraſs*, which indeed could not be got upon, being it was Bordered by the Walls of the Caſtle, and was ſo High, that it was only to be Attained by a Ladder; but from the Garret that was over *Homais's* Chamber, one might come down by a Rope, yet not without Pain and Hazard; but when a Perſon is ſpurred on by Jealouſy, and the Revenge of an outraged Love, he

is willing to undergo all manner of Trouble, and ready to attempt all Hazards, provided he may bring to pass his Designs. Our Lovers fancied themselves very secure, not suspecting to be surprized on that side. All the other wayes were Locked up, the *Terrass* was a Place that was looked upon as inaccessible; and they had not so much as thought of shutting the Door, because there came a fresh Air from thence, which in those Hot Countrys is something very Charming. The Beautiful *Queen*, and happy *Ibrahim* had not been long together, when the enraged *Rostan* came down upon the *Terrass*. His impatience did not permit him to wait till they had Wantoned, and Toyed a little together: they were only at the Preludiums of an Amorous Interview, that are very sensible between two Lovers, after more than a Fortnights Absence. He was willing (however) to have the Com-

plaisance of Listening to them a Moment, because he heard them Talk of him, and that he made part of the Conversation they had together. *I never Diverted my self worse in all my Life* (said the Queen) *than I did at* Mahometa; *not only because you were not there my dear* Ibrahim, *but for that I was Constrained to suffer near me, and see dayly before my Eyes that Haughty* Sultana *of* Tripoly; *who in Concert with* Rostan, *had a Design to have played me a base prank by the means of two Slaves, she brought with her; and by whom they would have infected the easy Humour of poor* Caragus, *under the pretext of making him a Present of them. Thou knowest how little I care for my Husband, how little those two wretched Slaves could have Disturbed Me, I would even Furnish him with Prittier than those my self, if it was necessary; but as they came from the Hands of my greatest Enemies, (I was not willing*

they

they should Triumph over me. In a word, I got the better of that proud Sultana, *and that insolent* Rostan; *she was obliged to return with her two Slaves, and he staid with shame, for having had such ill success in his Design. But Madam* (Interrupted *Ibrahim*) *who can assure me, That the Hatred you have Conceived against* Ibrahim *can last, for he is both the Handsomest, and wittiest Man in the Kingdom, and has the most Power with the King: In a word, a Man you are Indebted to for all you have? Thou sayest true* (Answered the *Queen*) *but it is for all these very Reasons that I hate him: he fancies he Merits all things, and that there is not a Womans Heart that can resist the Advantages he has; and that all the World ought to submit to that Favour, which he unworthily Usurps over the King's easyness: And for my part, I am Resolved to let him see to the Contrary: I Laugh both at him, and all his Power; and*

† Rostan

my Affection, that he conſiders as the utmoſt Triumph of his Fortune, has not found in him, what it finds in thee. It is for thee Dear Ibrahim (Added ſhe) *that it has kept it ſelf all intire. The King his Throne and Crown are not worth the Pleaſure I take in ſeeing, and being alone with thee.*

Such paſſionate Words as theſe were Accompanied as is eaſy to believe, with ſeveral ſorts of Tenderneſſes, and followed, I ſhall not ſay by what, it is ſufficient to have a Humane Underſtanding to Comprehend it, and a Heart ſomething leſs ſenſible than Marble, to have a Sence of it. I leave you to Imagine what a Rage *Roſtan* was in. I fancy, that though the moſt Complaiſant of all Men had been in his place, he could not have forborne diſturbing ſo agreeable an Entertainment: Neither did he wait till all was done; he entred, and found our Lovers in great diſ-

order,

order; and doubtleſs, very much ſurprized at the ſight of him. *Roſtan* took his *Sabre* in his Hand, and the poor *Ibrahim* fancied he was then a Dead Man; but the *Queen* being the boldeſt Creature that e-ever was, flew upon *Roſtan*, not without being Wounded, gave time to her Gallant to Recover himſelf out of his Fright, and make his Eſcape; and ſhe likewiſe, made a Thouſand Reproaches to the inſolent *Roſtan*, for the boldneſs he had taken to enter at that Hour into her Chamber, and of his baſeneſs to make uſe of his Sword againſt a Woman. *Roſtan*, who was not himſelf in his Fury, was however ſtayed by the quantity of Blood, that he ſaw run down the *Queen's* Face, though the Wound was not very great; but ſeeing that the Gallant was Eſcaped, who was the moſt Eſſential Party, he would have Run after him, to have ſtayed him. However ſomething too late, for

the *Sultana* foreſeeing his Deſign, was Nimbler than he, and having ſhut the Door ſhe took the Key, and cryed out Murder withal her force. The King having for ſome Reaſon put off the Party he had made, till the Night after, being by chance in his Apartment, was much ſurprized to hear all this Noiſe, and Running in all haſt towards the *Queen's* Chamber, he Knocked at the Door, and hearing ſtill a Crying out, and they not Opening the Door, he cauſed it to be broke Open, and found the *Queen* all Diſheviled, her Face all covered with Blood, and *Roſtan* with a *Sabre* in his Hand. Never was Man ſo Amazed; but Fury ſucceeding Surprize at the ſight of ſo ſtrange a Spectacle. *Ah Traitor!* (ſaid he to *Roſtan*, and Drawing his *Sabre*) *Is it thus that thou diſhoureſt thy King, or doſt thou Attempt the Life of what he has moſt Dear?* And Running on a ſuddain

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at him, one would have ſaid that he was going to Cleave him in two; but the good Prince not being of a Bloody Humour, and having never done ſo much in his Life before, as to Draw his Sword, ſurprized to ſee with what indifference, and without moving *Roſtan* ſtood him, though he might have Run away, or defended himſelf, ſtopped, and conſidering him from Head to Foot: *what cam'ſt thou to do here?* (Added he) *and if thou art Guilty, as thou really art, why doſt thou not ſteal from my Vengeance?* *It is becauſe I am not Guilty,* Anſwered *Roſtan* with a firm Voice) *that I do not fear that Vengeance; for it is not upon me that you ought to vent your Fury.* *There is the Criminal* (Added he, pointing at the *Queen*) *and the Object of her Crime is ſo baſe a Subject, that I ſhould not dare to name it.* *Homais*, as ſoon as ſhe had ſeen the King, ſeemed to Faint away, that ſhe might A-

nimate him the more against *Roſtan*, Recovering from the pretended Swoon, juſt as the *Baſhaw* had done Speaking: *Ah Sir!* (Cried ſhe with a Languiſhing Voice) *what an Abominable Man is that? He is not Contented with having endeavoured to Raviſh from me my Honour; he would likewiſe Ruin me in your Opinion, which is more Dear to me than the Life he would deprive me of, for not conſenting to his infamous Deſires. Baſe Wretch!* and thereupon a Torrent of Tears ſtopping her Voice, ſhe gave the King time to vent himſelf in Injuries, and Reproaches againſt *Roſtan*. The Truth is, that Women for the moſt part are very ſubtle Comedians, and that in ſome Occaſions it is difficult to prevent, being deceived. *Caragus* was not much Enchanted by *Homais*, and in any other Incounter, *Roſtan* would have had a Thouſand times the better of her: But here all ſpoke againſt him, the Hour, Place,

Place, the *Sabre* in his Hand, the Blood that Ran ſtill from the *Queen's* Head; and moreover, all her Grimaces and Poſtures: for ſhe Acted her Part ſo to the Life, that it would have raiſed Pity in *Tygers*, & ſaid not a Word to him: Nor would he give himſelf the Trouble to Accuſe her; and much leſs to Defend himſelf. And indeed, what likelihood was there in what he ſaid, that it was not he but another, who would have diſhonoured the King, ſeeing he only was ſhut up in the *Queens* Chamber; and that poor Princeſs in the moſt pittiful Condition that it was poſſible to ſee a Woman in. And this was what the King repreſented to him; but he Anſwered, That it was not then a fit time for him to Clear that Myſtery; and that it was Requiſite that the Man he Mentioned, ſhould be firſt Seized, and from whom he might Learn all that Adventure; that he would go uſe his

Endea-

Endeavours, and bring him to him as ſoon as he could. *What Man will he bring?* (ſaid the *Sultana*) *without it be ſome one that he had doubtleſs Bribed againſt me; and who is it that can enter my Chamber, he having the Key in his Pocket. I the Key,* (Replyed *Roſtan*, looking upon her with Indignation) *I the Key of your Chamber? Yes you* (Replyed ſhe;) *And Sir* (Added ſhe, turning towards the King) *be pleaſed to Search him, and you will find it.* Which the King being pleaſed to do, did not fail to find it in his Pocket; which was an Evident Proof of *Roſtan's* Crime: but it was the *Queen* who ſtriving with him had put it there. *Well* Roſtan (ſaid the King to him, with his Arms-a-Croſs) *What do you ſay now, and who are thoſe People you can bring? who ſhall juſtify you for the moſt Horrid Perfideouſneſs, and the falſeſt Attempt that ſuch a Man as you could Commit. Be gone* (Added he) *your Head ſhall*

Anſwer

Answer for it. The Unfortunate *Rostan*, without being concerned at these Threatnings, lifting his Eyes up to Heaven, *O God* (Cryed he) *can there be such a Wicked Woman upon Earth*; having said these words, he withdrew to go seek out *Ibrahim*; but there was little likelihood he would stay the Issue. Men never Sleep when they have been Surprized in such an Action as that; and Fear is almost inseparable from Crime.

As for *Homais*, who had had the Happiness, and Address to turn the Advantage on her side, she had not so much to Fear; the King stayed with her to Comfort her, promising her no less, than to cause *Rostan* to be Hanged the next Day, at one of the Corners of the Castle, being the usual Place for such kind of Executions. *Homais*, I say, being willing to make use of the Conjuncture, for the securing to her self entirely the King's Confi-

dence,

dence, cast her self at his Knees, and after having Obtain'd from him, that he would not be Angry with her, for what she was a going to tell him; she confessed to him, after what manner she came to the Happiness of being his Wife, what *Rostan* pretended to upon that account; and how that all the Rage, & all the Hatred he had against her, proceeded only from her refusing ever to Consent to so infamous a Proposition; and for that she had alwayes been Faithful to him. *Caragus* was so Astonished at this piece of News, that he could hardly believe the *Queen*; but she Confirmed what she said with so many Oaths, and added to it so many particular Circumstances, offering to maintain all this to his Face, and that he durst not disavow it; that at length the King could not forbear giving Credit to her, seeing that all these Accusations suted very well with the Adventure of that Day.

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The Resolution of putting him to Death was already taken; and it was a thing certain, that he should be Executed the next Morning at break of Day. Thus you see Resolutions quickly taken, and Sentences as quickly past; but the Minds of some Princes, as well as of some other Men, cannot answer much for their Resolutions. And indeed, this was none of the most Just that ever was. He Condemned a Man without hearing him: a Man, who in Truth seemed to have Offended him in the most sensible manner; but whom he had ever Loved more than himself, who was the Master of his Wills; and to say all in a word, the *King*'s King: As indeed happened the Day after, when he came to the King's Dressing. *How dare you appear before me* (said the King to him) *after what you have done? Do not you know* (Added he) *that I have caused a Gibbet to be prepared for you?*

you? Yes (Answered *Roſtan* boldly) *but it will be for a Faithleſs* Queen, *and her Dear* Ibrahim. *Why* Ibrahim? (Replyed the King) *and what Concern can that poor young Man have in the* Queen's *Crime, if it is true that ſhe is Criminal? Nothing Sir* (Answered *Roſtan* in deriſion) *without it be, that laſt Night I found him in a fair way to do you a great deal of Honour; but I fancy it is not the firſt time, and you would not have had any Reaſon to doubt of this, had he not eſcaped from me; and that the* Queen *having ſhut the Door, ſeized on the Key, and Maliciouſly put it into my Pocket.* The King, all eaſy as he was to Impreſſions, and eſpecially in regard of things that *Roſtan* told him, did not however believe it at firſt; but when he had Related to him all the Circumſtances of that Adventure; and that he had learnt that *Ibrahim* was gone aſide, he began to ſuſpect ſomething; yet he had ſuch a kind-

neſs

neſs for that Handſome Young Fellow, that he laid nothing ſo much to Heart as his Abſence. He Asked *Roſtan, If he knew not whither he was gone; and if they had not ſent in ſearch after him:* He Anſwered, *That he had cauſed above a Hundred Spahy's to Purſue him; and that he hoped to ſee him Hanged before Noon. Why Hanged?* (Replyed this weak Prince) *How! Shall I put to Death for the ſake of a Woman, a Man who perhaps has no other Crime than his Weakneſs? No,* (Continued he) *I ſhould Condemn my ſelf, who have much greater Failings in that kind than he has. If* Ibrahim *has injured me, it is without doubt the* Queen *who brought him to it: and what can we expect from a Woman, but all manner of ill, as Our* Law *tells Us? No, no,* Ibrahim *merits ſome excuſe; and if the* Queen *is Culpable, we muſt make uſe of the Priviledge we have, which is to put her away, without ſtaining my Hands*

in

in the Blood or Life of People, who would Accuſe me before Mahomet *of my own Crimes. Such Morals as theſe are owned by the* Turkiſh *Divinity; and I find them agreeable enough in what Concerns the Failings of others, and eſpecially thoſe of women: but few Husbands in* Europe *would Comply with them, or be content to follow the Example of* Caragus. *They would have talked immediately of Daggers and Poyſon; and there is no kind of Death but what they would have made uſe of, to have made away both the falſe Wife, and her Gallant. But this is but a Folly, and the greateſt that can be Committed. A Wife is a Wife; and though her Husband be never ſo Prudent and Careful, if ſhe has a Mind to Honour his Wife Pate with a fine ſtately Branch, ſhe will find the means to deck him, notwithſtanding all his Obſtinacy and Precaution.*

Thus when the thing is done, the beſt way is to Comfort ones ſelf as the King of *Tunis* did. *Roſtan*

stan however was in a Rage; but notwithstanding all he could say to Animate the Spirit of his Master to Revenge, *Ibrahim* was too Dear to him; and he would rather have lost a Thousand Wives, than that Favourite. The *Africans* are strange People in certain Cases. They have Inclinations, and Humours that raise Horrour in all other Mortals. And yet it is but meer Gallantry amongst them; and they make Songs and Romances, after the *Moorish* manner, as we do in *Europe*, upon a fine Mistress. Let us leave this Point which is too Odious for Rational People, and return to *Roxan*, who not being able to perswade the King to take a vigorous Resolution against Persons, who had so cruelly Offended him. Left him, to go know if there was no News of *Ibrahim*. He learnt that he was newly Seized. He caused him to be brought before the King, all Bound, and Fetter'd as he was; who was sensibly touch't

to

to see him in that Condition; and falling into a Rage against *Rostan* himself: he caused him to be unbound, took him aside, and made him confess more things than he was willing to know. He returned to *Rostan*, and asked his Pardon for *Ibrahim*, though it belonged to him alone to Grant it him; and that the Offence purely concerned him, and not *Rostan*, who had no other share in it, than what his Jealousy made him take. Now all *Rostan*'s Love being turned into Fury, he did not find it difficult to Comply with the King, in Pardoning *Ibrahim*, seeing he would have it so, expecting that he would at least give an example of Justice on the other Party; and that he would Revenge them both on the haughtiest, and most ungrateful Woman upon the Face of the Earth, which the King promised him to do; but more to pacify him, than with any Design to keep his

Word;

Word; for he knew himself well enough And indeed, he had no sooner seen the *Queen*, than that she got him on her side against *Rostan*, perswading him that there was Treachery in her Case, and that he had Corrupted *Ibrahim*, who ever having had a spight against her; for that in the beginning, she had refused him Entrance into her Apartment, had taken at length that Occasion to Revenge himself. The King after all, knew not what to think of it; he saw on all sides probability enough in what was told him, without knowing who had reason, and who not: But he still bore all the Burden, and therefore, could have wished that all Parties could have been as well satisfied, as he was. He desired the *Queen* not to speak to him any more of *Rostan*, and then *Rostan* to leave the *Queen* at Quiet, and that he would leave to him himself the Care of her Conduct, that

he

he would have an Eye over her; and that it would be so much the worse for him if he was deceived. As for *Ibrahim*, he was expressly forbidden upon pain of Hanging, ever to enter the *Seraglio*, but with the King, nor to have any Commerce directly or indirectly with the *Queen*.

At that time *Caraglus* being obliged for some Affairs of State, to send an Ambassadour to *Tripoly*; he gave that Character to *Rostan*, not so much to render it the more signal, being one of most magnificent, and pompous Men of his Kingdom, as to be then rid of him; and enjoy a little Repose for some time in his Family, hoping that this Absence might likewise in some manner, stifle the Hatred of those two irritated Spirits. Wherefore *Rostan* departed for *Tripoly*, and Arrived at that Court with an extraordinary Train of People, all well made, and with an Equipage more be-

becoming a Prince, than an Ambassadour. The Rebel was retreated towards the Mountains, whither the Forces of the King of *Tunis* joyned with those of the *Bashaw*, pursued him: Insomuch, that the City was open, and they only thought of Diverting themselves for that Happiness, which passed for a kind of Victory. *Rostan's* coming did not at all diminish the Divertisements; on the contrary they were Augmented for his sake, who not only Loved them, but whose Humour and Wit, was even proper to invent New Ones, as he did. At length, after having passed some Months in all manner of Pleasures, and dispatched the Affairs with the *Bashaw*, He was sent about, he took his Leave; and did not fail to take with him out of Revenge, which he was never wanting in, that Christian Slave, who had so Charmed the King his Master; and whom the *Sultana* his Sister,

Sister, would have made him a Present of. Wherefore, he returned very well satisfied to *Tunis*; but not so much for the Glory he had Acquired in that Embassy, as for the joy he had upon the account of that Fair Slave, for whom he did not doubt, but that the King would take Fire more than ever, as soon as he saw her; and that by this means he should almost Mad the proud *Queen*. The Truth is, she did not expect such a blow; for having taken Advantage of her Enemies absence, she had made such progresses over the King's Mind, whose Destiny was to let some or other ever Govern him, that she fancied her self above all his Enterprises: she had likewise seen, contrary to his Order, her Dear *Ibrahim*; and this good Prince was so lulled asleep, or rather so insensible, that he did not see, or would not see what passed before his Eyes. At length *Rostan* Arrived;

and

and as he never went by-wayes to Work in all he did, and that he Loved to do every thing ſo, as to be talked of; he had not the precaution that others would have taken, which was to have Concealed that fair Slave; and have ſhewed her to the King, before the *Queen* knew any thing of her. He cauſed her to enter with him into *Tunis* with a Queenly Pomp; nothing being more Rich, nor better Suted than his Train. *Homais* had no ſooner the News of it, than being Tranſported with Paſſion, ſhe ran to the King's Chamber, who knew nothing yet of this buſineſs, and ſo well perſwaded him, and Repreſented to him the Malice of *Roſtan*; that at length ſhe obtained his word, that he would not ſee that Slave. And indeed, the King was ſo Reſolved, if he had not had to do with a Man, who knew him better than he did himſelf; and who would have made

him done things more difficult, than those that were according to his Inclination. He saw him enter his Chamber, coming to Kiss his Hand, and give him an Account of the Success of his Commission. Immediately the Affection he had for him, and which was as natural to him, having made him forget part of the things he had newly promised the *Queen*; he Received and Embraced him, with all the Caresses imaginable, Repeating to him several times, how tiresome his Absence had been to him; and that he had hardly Relished any real Joy: but then Proceeding from these Tendernesses to the News he had newly Learnt, that he had brought with him that Christian Slave; he represented to him as seriously as he could, the fault he had Committed, to seek thus for Occasions to fall out again with the *Queen*, that he knew very well, he Loved to be at Peace; and that

he had desired him to Live in good Correspondence with her: and in a word, he might be assured that it was to no purpose, he had given himself the Trouble of bringing with him that Creature; for he had made an Oath not to see her. *But Sir*, (Answered *Rostan*) *What Reason has the* Queen *then to Complain of me? What Injury do I do her? That Creature has Charmed me, as well as she did you; I offered her to bring her with me, and take care of her; and she was willing I should. How do I Wrong the* Queen? *And you Sir, Who desires you to see her? How! A Beauty whom I will make the sweetest Charm of my Life of, whom I only brought for my own use; and whom I am already Jealous of to Death; Should I desire so Handsome, and Amorous a Prince as you are to see her? Pardon me if I tell you, you are too Wise, and know me too well to have only such a Thought; but I perceive what your Address*

Aimes at: I am too good a Servant of the Queen, *I will not make new Quarrels between you. She is a very good Princeſs, ſhe deſerves all your Affection; and even to Morrow, in Complyance to her deſire, I will ſend my Beautiful and Dear Slave into ſuch a place, as no Body in the World ſhall know what's become of her.* The King, who knew *Roſtan* as perfectly well, as *Roſtan* knew him, perceived his Malice, and the Sence that was to be given to his Words. However, he could not forbear; and the thought that this Malicious Man was going to divert himſelf agreeably to his Coſts, if he let him proceed, having brought into his Mind, all the Graces of that Charming Slave, whom he could not ſee without Grief, and Jealouſy in the Arms of another, making him repent the Reproaches he had newly made him; he told him (not without Bluſhing) that he ſhould not be ſo haſty, and that he

he would ſpeak to the *Queen*, and endeavour to make her give her an Apartment in the *Seraglio*. *An Apartment in the* Seraglio (Replyed the Cheating *Roſtan*) *why ſo? May not I have to my ſelf* (Purſued he) *a Maid whom you Deſpiſe; and will you have it ſaid, that it is alwayes I who put your Royal Family into Diſorder; and have me bear the brunt of all the* Queen's *Anger, who has already but too great an Averſion for me. Ah! Send me back with that Slave to* Tripoly: *For I ſhould chooſe rather to be unhappy the reſt of my Dayes, with that Beautiful Creature, than to give you more reaſon of reproaching me, as you now do.* The King was in ſuch a Confuſion, that he knew not what Anſwer to make him; for he eaſily perceived that he Triumphed over his Weakneſs. But at length, the Love he had formerly had for her; and which got Ground on his Heart by the degrees, that *Roſtan* ſeemed to Op-

poſe his Deſign, having made him break through all theſe Obſtacles: He told him, *That it was abſolutely his will, that this Slave ſhould ſtay; that he knew very well, that it was for him he brought her; but that ſome Meaſures were to be taken with the* Queen. *Roſtan* Vowed, that what he had ſaid, was the naked truth; but that he was his King, and the abſolute Maſter of all that belonged to him; and that thus he might diſpoſe of her as he pleaſed, provided he would Anſwer for all that ſhould happen; and eſpecially on the *Queen*'s Account, whom he knew to be his Sworn Enemy, and that ſhe would not fail to Accuſe him, as ſoon as ſhe ſhould know the Amorous Commerce he had with that Slave. The King, having taken upon himſelf, the Care of all theſe Things, went at that Inſtant to find out the *Queen*; and told her, *That he came again to Confirm to her the Proteſtation he had made*

made her, not to ſee that Slave; but that for her greater Security, and their mutual Repoſe, it was requiſite ſhe ſhould take her to her ſelf, and give her ſome ſmall Apartment, ſuch as ſhe thought fit in the Seraglio; *becauſe that as long as ſhe ſhould be in* Roſtan's Hands, *he could neither ſee him, nor go to his Houſe; but that ſhe would fancy, and be jealous it was upon that Slaves account.* The *Queen* was eaſily Trepanned; hoping indeed, that having that Slave at her diſpoſal, and in her Eye both Night and Day, it would be more difficult for the King to ſee her, than at *Roſtan's*; who having her in his Houſe, would not have failed to make the King break his word at length. Inſomuch, that ſhe conſidered the Propoſal he made her, as much to her Advantage; and ſhe deſired him, *That if he was willing to ſet her Mind at Reſt, he would let her come as ſoon as poſſible, and not ſtay till the maligne*

Perſwaſions of her Enemy, had made him change his Reſolution again, as they already had ſo often done. The King promiſed her, *That ſhe ſhould be in the* Seraglio *that ſame Day; and that he was going to give Orders for that end.*

Clarice, (Thus was this Beautiful Slave called) was not one of thoſe ſparkling Beauties, that ſurprize people, as far off as they ſee them. Her Air was Sweet and Modeſt, the Face of a Child; but of a Child that has a Thouſand Charms, Brown, fine Blew Eyes, and a Complexion Whiter than is poſſible to be Imagined. Her Shape more eſpecially was extream Delicate and Fine. She had ſomething Cunning in her Mouth, and which was ſutable to the Character of her Soul; for, notwithſtanding all her Innocence, which her Air of Youth was Accompanied with; ſhe was more ſubtle and diſſembling, than any Creature of her Age. She was then

Twenty

Twenty Years Old at leaſt, and ſeemed not to be *Sixteen*. She was a Native of *Chio*, an *Iſland* in all Ages Fruitful in Beauties, and is at preſent under the Dominion of the Grand *Seignior*. Her Father, who was of a pretty Conſiderable Family in the *Iſland*; but whoſe Eſtate and Fortune was but ſmall, Sold her to the Admiral of *Tripoly*, who made a Preſent of her to the *Sultana*. But now *Clarice* was ſent to the *Seraglio* of the King of *Tunis*; where the *Queen*, to whoſe Diſpoſition it was left to give her an Apartment, Lodged her as meanly as ſhe could, and all the reſt of her Equipage; and as her Entertainment was anſwerable to her Lodging, it is eaſy to fancy what kind of Life ſhe paſſed, being a Stranger, and in a Place where ſhe neither ſaw nor knew any Body. This Life was very different from what *Roſtan* had promiſed Her at *Tripoly*, having given her hopes,

That if she managed her self right, and made good use of her Charms, she would become absolute Mistress of the King; and that there could not be with such an Amorous Prince as he was, a more happy Creature than she. *Rostan* was not a false Prophet herein; but the time was not yet come, and Love has his Hours.

In the mean time, *Clarice* Lived with a great deal of Grief, and in a sad Melancholly in this *Seraglio*. *Caragus*, whose Prudence required, for the Curing the *Queen*'s Jealousy, that he should dissemble, and not see (at least in the Beginning) that Slave, that he might have the more Liberty to do so afterwards, constrained himself for some time, not without Violence; but by much Constraining, he at length forgot her; being of a Humour, that such things as put him in pain, displeased him quickly; and the Flame of his Passion being only like a Fire of Straw; it was often

almost

almoſt as ſoon out as kindled. He hardly remembred the fair *Clarice* was in the *Seraglio*, when *Roſtan* came one Morning into his Chamber, and ſhewed him this Letter that he had newly received from this Slave.

AM I then Condemned, My Lord, to Dye like a Criminal; and did you only bring me into this Country, to make me end my days in a Cruel Priſon? for, it is thus I may call the ſad abode I am Confined to; and where I have leſs Liberty, than the worſt of Priſoners. But can you be Ignorant of this? And have you ſo far Abandoned me, as to take no Pitty of me? Rather cauſe me to be ſent back to Tripoly, *where I was Happy. You know it, and you ought not to abuſe the Confidence a Young Maid put in you, who did not fancy you would have thus deceived her. You ſee how little the King eſteems me: He hardly knows where I am Lodged; for I do not doubt if he did,*

did, he would be so Generous, as to take me from hence. Be so kind, as to represent it to him your self; and demand of him my Liberty, or at least, that he would suffer me to go to Tripoly; *for considering the Melancholly that Oppresses me here, I do not believe I can live Three days longer.*

Clarice.

The King was moved at this Letter, and looking upon *Rostan* with some Confusion, he declared to him how much he was concerned at it. But *Rostan* not Contenting himself with that, told him, *That he desired him to restore that Slave; and that he did not see for what reason he had forced from him, as he might say, a Creature he Loved so dearly, if he had a Design to make her Dye with Grief.* God forbid (Answered the King) *that I should have such a Thought; her Death would cost me too many Tears. What Pleasure*

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do you then take (Replyed *Roſtan*) *to have her in the* Seraglio, *where you ſee how ſhe is Treated?* The King falling to Excuſe himſelf, upon the Meaſures he was obliged to keep with the *Queen*. *O Heavens! Is it poſſible* (Cryed *Roſtan*) *that you ſhould have more regard for a Wife, than ſhe has for you? For in a word, do not you know, that her Commerce with* Ibrahim *continues ſtill; and has ſhe blinded you to that point, as that you do not ſee, what all the* Seraglio *ſees?* The King Bluſhed at this Reproach, not but that he had ſome ſuſpicion of what *Roſtan* told him; but becauſe, that indeed he almoſt made himſelf blind, that he might not ſee further, than was neceſſary for his repoſe into the *Queen*'s Affairs. He cared not for her; and had on the contrary a very great Affection for *Ibrahim*, of whom he would have been more Jealous than of his Wife. And for this reaſon, he was afraid

to be throughly Informed of this Affair, left it might oblige him out of Honour to Punish, or at least to put away this Dear Favourite; and the one was almost as Cruel to him, as the other. *Rostan* came very unseasonably to acquaint him with more than he was willing to know; and quickly breaking off this Discourse, he told him, to Appease him, *That he would see* Clarice *that Day without fail.* The *Queen* being something indispos'd, gave him a very fair Opportunity. He had been told before where that Slave was Lodged; and for the more Precaution, and that his Visit might make the less Noise, he resolved to stay till it was Night, and go thither all alone. He came thither, but was strangely disapointed; for entring the Chamber, he found the *Queen* there instead of *Clarice*. They were both extreamly Surprized; for as they sought not for one another, they

did

did not think to have ſeen one another in that Place. They were both of this Opinion, that their coming thither, was not with deſign to have met together; and having been ſome time without ſpeaking, and the *Queen* as the boldeſt, breaking Silence, *I Imagined Sir*, (ſaid ſhe to him) *that I ſhould Surprize you here, at one time or other. And for my part* (Anſwered the King) *the Truth is, I did not think to Surprize you here. How! what have you to ſay?* (Replyed ſhe) *Is it a Crime to watch you, having ſuch Reaſon to diſtruſt you? No* (Replyed he) *but it is a very great one, to pretend to be indiſpoſed in the Morning, and come to an Aſſignation in the Evening. I Sir, to an Aſſignation* (Replyed ſhe) *O Heavens! Is it to ſave your ſelf from my juſt Reproaches, that you begin thus firſt to accuſe me? I perceive what your buſineſs is here. And I* (Anſwered the King) *ſuſpect no leſs of you;*

you; but I ſhall Remedy it. Ah! I ſhall Remedy it too (Anſwered ſhe, Riſing up haſtily to have gone away) *I will not be played upon by a wretched Slave; and be looked upon more as a Cypher, than a* Queen. *No Body has a Right over my Actions, Madam,* (Replyed the King with ſomething a fierce Tone) *but I have over yours. Over mine Sir,* (Anſwered the *Queen* again) *you have, 'tis true; but be aſſured, that I ſhall ever Regulate my ſelf by you. You are too good an Example* (Added ſhe, as ſhe was going away) *not to be followed.* The King weary of ſeeing, as well as hearing her, made her no Anſwer, and let her go; but not knowing where to find *Clarice*, ſeeing ſhe was not in the Apartment that was given her, he was obliged to return to his own, and make inquiry after her. It was *Ibrahim's* Misfortune to meet with him in the way, as in all probability he was going to

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the *Queen*. He was Amazed to see the King, who Eying him with some indignation. *You will at length weary my Patience* Ibrahim, (said he to him) *you abuse my good Nature; and you do not remember how often, and what I forbad you.* This young Favourite not wanting Wit, seeing the King came from *Clarice*'s Apartment, made use of that pretext to justify himself; and told him, *That having learnt that he had a desire to make a Visit to that Slave, he came immediately after him to acquaint him, how that the Queen had, two dayes before, given her a better Apartment than the former.* Though the King had no reason to give Credit to what *Ibrahim* told him, who could not divine his Design, being he had mentioned it to no Body but *Rostan*. He contented himself however with this Excuse; because he was not willing to have any reason to be displeased with him, and having asked

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ed him whither they had removed that Slave; he referred his Visit till the next day, for fear the *Queen* should come and disturb them.

It was not to oblige *Clarice*, that this Jealous Princess hnd given her another Apartment; but because that she had Being in a retired place, where there was no likelihood the King would come, and find her; without that he had a Design to see that Slave, which she did not expect; she fancied it would be more convenient for her Amours, than her own Apartment, where she was afraid of being Discovered; and did not enjoy in repose the pleasure of seeing her Dear *Ibrahim*, as she hoped to do with full Liberty in *Clarice's* Chamber. But she had but ill Success the first time, which did not however much Trouble her, being very glad to have found the King in a way to break the Oaths he had made her, of not seeing that Slave; fancying

that this alone might ſerve her for an Excuſe, if ſhe for Her part, was not found ſo very Faithful.

Roſtan was at the King's Riſing, to know how that firſt Viſit had paſſed. This Prince, who could not keep any Secret from him, not only acquainted him, that he had not found *Clarice* in her former Apartment, but that he had met the *Queen* there. Whereupon *Roſtan* did not fail to Penetrate immediately into the Truth of this Change; and to Animate the King at the ſame time, both againſt the *Queen*, and for *Clarice*, whoſe Life he rendered him Reſponſible; for, if he did not go and ſee her, *Canagus*, who was already all diſpoſed to it, was eaſily perſwaded to follow *Roſtan*'s Counſel; and as ſoon as he was Dreſt, he went to that Slaves Apartment, whom he found at her Toylet, and in an Undreſs. She was (as I have already ſaid) a very pretty Creature; but more eſpecially

cially in a careleſs Habit, and never was Woman ſo Charming as ſhe in that Condition. The King was in a Surprize; the Truth is, that conſidering the Complexion he was of, there needed not much to Charm him; but he was this time quite after another manner, than ever he had been before; and to that Degree, that he knew not what to ſay to her, in the perplexity that ſight caſt him in at firſt. *Clarice* not expecting this Honour, ſeeing the little Notice that Prince had taken of her; Bluſht as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, and her Cheeks Glowed with a Red, ſo much the more Charming; as that it admirably well became the Whiteneſs of her Complexion, and that it was Natural. *Is it for ſuch a Perſon as you, Sir,* (ſaid ſhe riſing) *to Surprize People? I come here* (Anſwered the King) *with a great deal of Confuſion, to ask you a Thouſand Pardons for my Negligence. I fan-*

cied,

cied, I had Reasons enough to justify my self; but since I have seen you, I know not any, but what Condemns me: For nothing ought to be capable of making me forget the most Charming Person upon the Earth. *Clarice*, who had Evidently observed the Effect that her Beauty had produced upon the King's Heart, was extreamly delighted to see him Confirm it by his Words. She Answered him with her tender, and innocent Air, *That the Honour was too great that he did her:* And in a Word, the Conversation proceeding much further, it ended by a New Apartment, which the King promised *Clarice*; and he only left her to go and give Order to prepare it for her that very day.

The *Queen* having had Notice from *Ibrahim*, of the Visit the King had made that Slave, was extreamly Allarm'd, to hear that one of the finest Apartments of the *Seraglio*, was Furnishing for her. She guessed

gueſſed what this tended to; and Attributing all to *Roſtan* her Mortal Enemy, by whoſe perſwaſion the King did all things; ſhe ſent to deſire this Prince to do her the Favour to come one Moment to her Apartment, that ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him. The King made Anſwer, *He was ſomething Buſy then, and that he would ſee her another time.* The *Queen* more outraged than ever, could hardly curb her Rage; but as it was not yet time to ſhow it: and that ſhe did not Deſpair of reducing the King. She reſolved to Diſſemble, and knowing that he was in the *Seraglio*, ſeeing that Apartment preparing himſelf: She without further waiting, went to find him out. As ſoon as ſhe appeared, all the Company in the Room withdrew, and ſhe caſt her ſelf at the King's Feet, with a ſad dejected Look, and a very humble Countenance; but yet Majeſtick, Grandeur being

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as inſeparable from all her Actions. She held a great Handkerchief before her Eyes, with which ſhe ſeemed to dry up ſome Tears; and uſing the Tone of a very Afflicted Woman: *May I Sir*, (ſaid ſhe to him) *ask you one Favour more? I am ſo Unfortunate, that having made all my Happineſs conſiſt in poſſeſſing you, I am not capable of procuring yours; and that you ſeek elſewhere, wherewith to Content your ſelf; My Preſence would diſturb your Pleaſures here: I cannot ſee a Bleſſing that belongs to me in the Armes of another. Give me leave to withdraw, and go paſs far from hence the remainder of a wretched Life.* The King, who had expected, and prepared himſelf for ſome Action of Fury from that haughty Princeſs; againſt which, he would perhaps have reſiſted, found himſelf Surprized with ſo much Humility; and was almoſt half Vanquiſh'd with only ſeeing at his Feet a Crea-

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ture of that Humour. The Truth is, that nothing has ſo great an Effect upon a Heart, as the Humble Returns of thoſe Proud Spirits, becauſe they are unexpected; and that they are known to be very Rare, and that they coſt them Dear. The King (as I have newly ſaid) wholly Changed with this only Action; and already forgetting *Clarice*, he ſpoke to her with ſo much Sweetneſs, as made her diſcover all his Weakneſs. The diſſembling *Homais* did not fail to take Advantage of it, and told him all that was capable of Engaging him, and making him abandon the Deſign he had in Favour of the Slave, not ceaſing to proteſt to him, That ſhe had neither Titles, Honours, Eſtate, nor Life, but what ſhe would willingly Sacrifice to him: but that he ought to Conſider, that for a Moment of Pleaſure he might have with a Slave, he was going to Render her the moſt

wretched

wretched Woman upon the Earth, in the ſight of all his Kingdom; though all the *Divan* had deem'd her Worthy of ſharing with him his Crown. The King, as if it had been a great Crime, to have once wronged a Woman, whom he knew was not very true to him, denied he had ever had any ſuch Deſign; and did all he could to ſet her Mind at reſt. But the *Queen* ſtill ſeeming very much diſquieted, told him, *That there was only two wayes to pacify her, which was either to ſend that Slave back to* Tripoly, *or Marry her to ſome one of her Religion.* The King was Troubled at this Propoſition; but not being able to Excuſe doing it after the Advances he had made in that point; He choſe rather to get her a Husband, than deprive himſelf all together of the ſight of ſo Lovely a Maid. Wherefore he told her, *He would Marry her; and that he would Endeavour to find ſome Chri-*

stian that was a fit Match for her. The *Queen* satisfied with this Assurance, though it had been more safe for her, *Clarice* had been sent back: she only desired the King, he would once keep his word with her; and that for their Mutual Repose, this affair might not be deferred; to the end, that Slave might leave the *Seraglio* as soon as possible. *Caragus* promised her to do it; and parting, he went to *Clarice*'s Apartment, to acquaint her with this News, and see how she would Receive it. But she could not fail of being Surprized, after the Obliging things he had said, and the Promises he had made her, to see so suddain, and so great a Change: She could not forbear shedding Tears, and desired the King, since it was left to her choise to Marry, or to return to *Tripoly*, she might have leave to go thither; not being willing to redouble her unhappiness, by Marrying a Man,

whose

whose Fortune was as much to make as hers. The King being moved with her Tears, and Charmed more than ever with her Beauty, was now much less willing, than before, to part from her. But means were to be found to Appease the *Queen*, or at least to stop her Furies: for he Dreaded her violent Spirit; and therefore, had occasion for *Roſtan*'s Counsel.

The *Queen* had been so often deceived by the Promises the King had made her, that she would have had Reason to fear, he would have failed her again this time, if she had known the Passion he had for that Slave; but as the King had seldom seen her, she fancied it was only a slight Amour, which he would make no difficulty of Sacrificing to her Satisfaction. Insomuch, that she expected to see *Clarice* suddenly Married, which she thought would put a stop to his budding Desires, which might have

been disadvantageous to her, if she had not bethought her self betimes of preventing it; for by removing that Creature out of the King's sight, and Marrying her with a Christian, was not only the means of making him slight her, but forget her altogether: the force of his Passion never Proceeding so far, as to Love People long, that were out of his sight. She was expecting with great impatience the Conclusion of that Affair, when she saw the King come into her Chamber, who told her smilling, *That it was a thing Concluded on, that she should be satisfied; and that* Clarice *was going to Marry, not a* Christian, *but a* Turk; *because there being in that Country only wretched Slaves of that Religion, she chose rather to turn* Turk, *than be Reduced to so miserable a Necessity.* The *Queen*, after having thanked the King for his Complaisance; and having declared to him, through a Zeal of Religion,

the

the joy she had of that Conversion, asked him, *Who it was he designed for her Husband?* The King made Answer, *That it was* Ibrahim; *and that* Clarice, *who had seen him two or three times by chance, having found him to her Mind, had made Choice of him her self; and that he had given her his Word that she should have him.* The *Sultana* not expecting to be Attacked on that side, was in an instant so full of Grief, that she was not so much Mistress of her self, as to prevent shewing it in her Looks. She was even quite out of Countenance; and notwithstanding all the boldness of her Spirit, she remained mute, and without reply. The King, whose Design was to observe her, took great Delight to see her in that Perplexity; and that he might quite Confound her; *I do not see, Madam* (pursued he with a Rallying Tone, which however was not usual to him) *how a fitter Husband*

for that Slave can be found. She is Pritty, Ibrahim *is Handsome; and I am sure all the Earth will approve of so Accomplisht a Match. As for you, Madam,* —— *For me, Sir,* (Interrupted she) *I shall not Oppose it: but I perceive your Design; you would give that Slave to* Ibrahim, *because that, being Master of the Husband, you might easily have the Wife at your disposal: Thus you are willing enough to Consent to it; because by this means, you Dispose of her so, as to see her with the more Conveniency: But Alas! All the Misfortune will fall upon me. Ah! No Madam,* (Interrupted the King Her) *If that Reason only makes you fear the Union of those two Persons; For your Satisfaction, I will send them both far from hence; and I will go this very instant to make them Consent to it.* The King, who never knew how to Dissemble, Acted his part so well this time, that he deceived the *Queen*, as subtle as she was; for

all he had ſaid to her, came purely from *Roſtan*, who knowing the weak ſide of the Lady better than the King, had given him his Leſſon; being aſſured, ſhe would ſooner Conſent to all things, than this Match. And indeed, the *Queen* Loved *Ibrahim* with ſuch a Paſſion, or rather ſuch a Rage, that there was nothing but what ſhe would have done, to have prevented loſing him; and the King had no ſooner left her, than that all Alarm'd, ſhe ran to her Cloſet, to Write to that Dear Gallant; which ſhe did in theſe Terms, in the Emotion and Trouble ſhe was in.

WE *are Ruined my Dear* Ibrahim, *if I do not ſee thee immediately. The King Deſigns to part Us, and give thee to a wretched Slave. Think but how great my Grief*

will be, and thy Misfortune. I should Dye of Regret, and thou wouldst not have any great Satisfaction with her; for it is not for thy sake that she is to be Married to thee. The King is in Love with her, and he knows that I Love thee. He makes use of thee, to Favour his Desires, and Revenge himself on me at the same time. Be upon thy Guard; I fancy that thou hast that kindness for me as not to quit me for another: But herein thou must shew Resolution, and be assured, that I will never abandon thee; and that I will sooner lose my Life, than lose thee. Farewel, I expect thee, that we may take together the Measures that are necessary for the Triumphing over our Enemies.

This

This Letter was ſafely Delivered to the moſt Dear *Ibrahim*; but came a Moment too late, becauſe that *Roſtan*, whoſe ſtirring Humour, when any Malicious Prank was to be undertaken, eſpecially againſt the *Queen*, had already prevented her. He had ſpoke to *Ibrahim*, and ſecured all: Inſomuch, that the Anſwer he made Her, was thus:

I Am the moſt Unfortunate of all Men, Madam, for I ſee nothing but Death on all ſides. I am ordered to Marry a Slave, and am Condemned to Dye, if I do not Obey; and yet how wretched ſhall I be if I Marry her: I loſe you, and that is more than Dying. Alas! If I might at leaſt ſee you one Moment, and take my laſt Leave of you, Death would ſeem leſs Cru-

et to me; but I am so strictly Guarded in the Prison of the Seraglio, that there is no way for me to come, and lay my self at your Feet. Nor can I imagine by what happiness your Letter came to me, nor how you could Bribe the Sentinal, who brought it me; and who likewise promises me, to Charge himself with my Answer; for the Guards have orders not to let any one speak with or see me. Endeavours must be used to procure him to help me out from hence, which is the only way for Us to have the better of our Enemies. Consider this, Madam, it is our Mutual Interest, and if Love inspires you with some happy Design, let me know it as soon as possible: for I impatiently long to hear what Resolution

you

you will take as to my Misfortunes.

The *Queen* having read this Answer with the most tender Sentiments imaginable, asked the *Mooress* who had carry'd her Letter, and in whom she put great confidence; *How she had procured it to be delivered to Ibrahim?* Who told her, *That not having been able to get to speak to the Prisoner her self, she had found the means of Bribing one of His Guards, being an acquaintance, that he had promised to deliver it faithfully into his hands.* Whereupon a thousand designes came into to the *Queens* mind, without knowing at first which to stick to.

The Sentinal, who had served her so well, was a perfect Cheat, and a Creature of *Rosman*; who having instructed him with all he had to do, charged himself willingly with the Letter, and the Answer;

Both

Both which passed thro' the *King* and his Favourites hands, before they came to those of the Parties interessed.

This was a great Tryumph for *Roſtan*, which the King bore all the burden of, & could not rejoyce as he did; but he comforted himself with the repriſals he had upon *Clarice*, whom he hoped to have ſuddainly an entire, and free poſſeſſion of: Wherefore, having not the ſcruples and delicacies of other Husbands, and a Miſtreſs being dearer to him than ten Wifes, he was not concerned for all the *Queen* could do, having even wiſhed ſhe might have done more, if more could be done, that he might have had the more Right to Reprizals. And indeed, ſo paſſionate a Creature as *Homais*, could not well ſtop in ſo fair a way, and the nooze was already ſo wide, that ſhe could not forbear venturing through it.

As

As the King was discoursing about this business with *Rostan* the faithful Guard came in, & told them, *That the Queen had newly sent for him*; Whereupon they not doubting, but that it was upon some new Design, gave him leave to go to her; putting him still in mind, to behave himself according to his instructions, which were to grant her all she should require, and give them at the same time notice of all that passed.

The *King* had been that day at the *Queen*'s to tell her, *That he was going without farther delay, to marry* Ibrahim *with* Clarice; *and that the nuptialls would be about the Evening, which she was to prepare her self for.* The *Queen*, who since the News of this Match, had been in fearful Apprehensions and Torments, and which had wholly changed her countenance, fancyed she had found a very plausible pretext to defer it, by telling him, *That she was not very well,*

well, and that she desired him to stay some dayes longer, if he had a mind she should be at the Wedding, as for Decency it was requisite she should. But the cunning *Caragus* made Answer, *that he was so earnest to satisfy her, that he had not the patience to wait any longer; and for the sake of so faithful a Wife as she was, he chose rather to be wanting in the Rules of Decency, than in those of the duty of a good Husband.*

The *Queen*, who was too cunning to let her self be trepanned by words, which were too obliging for her, whom the *King* had no reason to be satisfied with, easily perceived, that there was malice couched under; and that the conclusion of so suddain a match, had other ends, than only to please her. But she thought fit likewise to dissemble: Nor indeed had she any apparent reason to oppose it, after what the *King* had said to her, without making known to him how much

much her Heart was interested in it. However, she prepared to set all at work, to prevent it; and to dye, rather than see her Dear *Ibrahim* in the Armes of that *Slave*. Insomuch, that the *King* had no sooner left her, to go give an account to *Roxan* of that Visit, but that she sent for the Sentinal, who had already so well served them in the business of their Letters; and begining at the first, by the Presents which the Sentinal still accepted, she Communicated to him her Secret, and the design she had of causing *Ibrahim* to escape; and that if he would serve her in that, she would give him wherewith to make his fortune elsewhere, much better than he could do with the *King* her Husband; and that the Presents she then made him, were only an acknowledgment for the care he had taken of her Letter, and bringing her an Answer.

The

The honeſt confident having made ſome profound Bows to the abuſed *Queen*, to thank her for the favours ſhe heaped upon him; and more eſpecially, for the Confidence ſhe put in him, ſeemed to be extreamly grieved, that he could not ſerve her in that occaſion; there being invincible difficulties to perform what ſhe deſired of him; becauſe it was impoſſible, to let *Ibrahim* out of the *Seraglio* by day, and that by night ſhe knew very well, that the Gates were all ſhut.

The *Queen* reply'd, That the difficulty of letting him out by day was eaſy to be overcome, by diſguiſing him in ſome *Mooriſh* Woman's Cloathes, by which means he might eaſily get out of the *Seraglio*: The *Keeper* made anſwer, That that was true, if he alone had the keeping of him; but as there were others beſides himſelf, who were continually coming into his Chamber to have an eye

upon

upon his actions, assoon as they should see he was gone, they would immediately allarum all the Castle; insomuch, that he could not fail of being taken again.

The *Queen*, Whose passion would have furnished her with a thousand inventions upon that Subject, found out quickly what was requisite to deceive the *Keepers*, by putting some Body in his place, who should put on his Cloathes; but the difficulty was to find this some Body, who would thus sacrifice his life for his sake, the danger being as inevitable: Insomuch, that she chose rather to run that risque her self, than lose that occasion; not seeing any surer means to free her Gallant out of so cruel a perplexity, and set her own mind at rest. She knew what answer to make in case she was surprized there: For the jealousy she had seemed to have of the *King*, for his Marrying that Slave to one of his Creatures, that

she

she might be the more at his disposal, furnishing her with pretexts enough for all that she could undertake.

The Rogue of a Keeper, fancying the business to be come to the Point, that those who set him to work, were willing to have it, was immediately of the *Queens* Opinion; and told her what she had to do, that it was necessary she should put on the *Mooresses* Cloathes who carried Meat to *Ibrahim*; and that she her self should carry him his Dinner; and when she was come into his Room, she might give him hers, and take his Clothes at the same time, and act the part of a Prisoner till the Evening; and that when the Gates of the *Seraglio* were shut, and the other Keepers were gone, he would let her out, and she might return to her Apartment.

Things being thus regulated, they followed the measures they had taken; that is to say, this Rogue having

ing

ing left the *Queen* in the greateſt joy imaginable, in the hopes ſhe had of the ſucceſs of her deſignes, he went immediately to the King, whom he found ſtill with *Roſtan*, and gave them a faithful account of all that had been concluded between him, and the *Queen*; from thence he went to diſpoſe things to bring upon that poor Lady, the greateſt affront ſhe could have received. He fetched the Caiterers Cloathes; who being an under Cook, they could not ſmell very agreeably; and having diſpenſed her from carrying any thing that day to *Ibrahim*, he went immediately to the *Queen*; who, though uſed more then any Woman in the World to perfumed Robes, was not in the leaſt diſguſted with theſe, though they ſmelt ſo of Oyl and of Spices, as to have turned any ones ſtomach; and ſhe put them on with more joy, than ſhe did the Royal Robes on her wedding day with *Caragus*.

The

The *Keeper*, being the ſole confident in this intrigue, helpt to dreſs her; after which, he put two Diſhes into her hands; and walking firſt, he uſhered her to the Priſon; leading her through a Court where the *King* and *Roſtan*, who would have the pleaſure of ſeeing her, ſtood in a place where they could not be perceived. The truth is, it was ſomething pleaſant, to ſee the haughtyeſt Creature upon the Earth, in that Equipage.

The *King* who was naturally inclined to compaſſion, took pitty of her at firſt, but the ſhare he had in that diſguiſe, having made him recover from that tender ſentiment; and *Roſtan*, who managed to the utmoſt the leaſt opportunity he had of revenging himſelf upon his Enemy, having raiſed his Choller to the higeſt point, he was fully reſolved to rid himſelf of her.

In the mean time, our Adventerers purſued their way to the Priſoners

ners Chamber; who was at first the most surprized imaginable, to see, that this Woman, who daily brought him his meat, hung about his neck, repulsed her two or three times to have got rid of her; But, How was he amazed, when he discovered it was the Queen?

Ah! Madam, (said he to her) *to what end do you expose your self! must you reduce your self to this condition, in the behalf of an unfortunate wretch, and take so little care of a Life, in whose service I would sacrifice mine a thousand times? It is for that very reason* (Answered she him) *My dear Ibrahim, that I ought not to make any difficulty of exposing that life which is wholly thine. I should be sorry* (added she) *that thou shouldst owe thine to any other than to me; But let us make use of the time, for we have not a moment to lose; and give me thy Cloathes, and take these I have here, and save thy self with the Keeper, who has wherewith to carry thee to a*

Place

Place from whence I may hear of you, and come to you very ſuddainly: For I will quit all, to follow thee.

Ibrahim had not the patience to let her make an end, and interrupting her at that propoſition; He told her, *He would never do ſo baſe an action; knowing very well, that the* King *would put her to Death, or cauſe her to be ſhut up in ſome place, from whence ſhe could never get out; and that he would rather expoſe himſelf to the moſt cruel Death, than give the leaſt occaſion, that any miſchief ſhould happen to her for his ſake.*

But the *Queen* knew ſo well how to repreſent to Him, That ſhe had nothing to be afraid of; that things were ſo well contrived, that there would not be the leaſt appearance, that ſhe had any way contributed to his eſcape; and that there was no going back in that buſineſs; that at length, this too generous Lover was perſwaded to obey her: Inſomuch, that he put of his Cloathes,

and

and put on the *Sultana*'s; in which, after mutual Careſſes, Tears, and the moſt tender *fare-wels* imaginable, he went out of the Room, being conducted by the ſame Keeper. But they were hardly out of the *Seraglio*, e're he was ſeized, and likewiſe the *Keeper* for formes ſake; and were carryed into another Priſon, where *Ibrahim* had time enough to deſpair and complain, and accuſe Heaven, Deſtiny, and even his *Prophet Mahomet*, of his misfortune.

The *Queen* dreſt in *Ibrahim*'s Cloathes, and wrapt up in her *Barnus*, with which ſhe hid her face, kept lying upon the Bed, that the Guards who came in and out, might not ſtand to look on her; and that ſhe might with leſs trouble act the part ſhe did. She already took an extream delight in imagining ſhe had freed her dear *Ibrahim*, and that he was out of the *Caſtle*, gone from *Tunis*; and that he

he would be quickly ſecure from the deſignes of his Enemies; that ſhe might go to him her ſelf, as ſhe was reſolved to do, not being able to live without that Dear Gallant.

She thus employed her mind with a thouſand agreeable thoughts, that the time might not ſeem Teadious, till the hour the *Keeper* had promiſed to come, and fetch her from thence, and conduct her to her Apartment.

But this Comedy was not to be yet at an end. One of the fineſt ſcenes was ſtill to come, which ſhe did not in the leaſt expect; and wherein the *King*, *Roſtan*, *Clarice*, and *Her ſelf* were to be the Principle Actors. It paſſed about the Evening, and they all Three came into the Priſoner's Chamber. *Ibrahim* (ſaid *Roſtan*, who had Charged himſelf with that Adventure) *here we are to Conclude the Match, you have been ſpoke to of; for you are*

not

not to come out of Prison, till you have Married Clarice: *It being necessary for the Repose, both of the* King *and* Queen, *who both desire it, and will see it Finished this Evening; that* Clarice *may go out of the* Seraglio *to Morrow; and that you may depart together, and retire into some place out of the Kingdom. Come, Rise, and give me your Hand, Swear here before the* King, *that you receive this Maid for your Lawful Wife; and that you will never Abandon her, in what part of the World so ever you go.*

It is easy to imagine, what a perplexity the unfortunate *Queen* was in, seeing her self upon the point of falling into the cruellest Confusion that could have befalled her. But as it was already Late, and there being no Light in the Chamber, she fancied, she might perhaps avoid it, and not be known: She Rose, gave her Hand to *Rostan*, for this pretended Marriage, and

prepared her ſelf no leſs, than to Stab that Slave with a Ponyard ſhe ever carried about her, if for her ſake ſhe received any Affront; as indeed ſhe had like to have put it in Execution; but ſhe would have paid Dear for the Stroke.

Thereupon two Flambeus being brought in, to give Light to this Fine Ceremony; the King, who till then had walked in the Room without ſaying a Word, come near thoſe that were to be Married, & ſeeing that the falſe *Ibrahim* hid himſelf under his *Barnus*, that his Face might not be ſeen, he bid one of the Guards take it from him, being People were not uſed to be Married without being ſeen. Inſomuch, that they then diſcovered the fair *Queen* in *Ibrahim*'s Cloaths; who, all of a ſuddain Tranſported with Motions of Rage, Shame, and Jealouſy, was going to Revenge her ſelf with her Ponyard upon that poor Victime, if he had not

not Cried: *Ah Madam! what do you do? It is* Ibrahim.

At that Voice, fixing her Eyes upon him, she knew him; and her Ponyard falling out of her Hands, she had occasion for help to hold her up from falling upon the Floor, being ready to Faint, through such quite different Motions, after the Risque that this Dear Lover had Run, of Dying by her own Hands.

Roxtan took a great Delight in all this Adventure; but the *King*, whose Nature was not so Cruel, though most Concerned, resolved to withdraw, after having given Order that the *Queen* should be Lead to her Apartment; and that *Ibrahim* should be kept more Narrowly than ever.

Roxtan was extreamly Delighted with all this Encounter; but it had only filled *Ibrahim* with Vexation and Grief: yet as the *King* was one, who laid not things much to Heart; and besides the Treache-

ry of Women, being not of so great Consequence to Husbands in *Africa*, where they are Acquainted with their Weaknesses; as in *Europe*, where they expect more Virtue, though Women every where, there needed no more than the sight of *Clarice* to put him in a better Humour. To that intent, he went to see her, and passed some Hours with her, with so much the more Joy, as that he did not fear the *Queen* would come, and disturb him. This Visit Augmented his Passion more than ever: He expressed it to *Clarice* in such passionate Terms, that she was not altogether insensible: And as there was to be a Feast the next day, at a Country House, of the General of the *Gallyes*, who was desirous to Treat the *King*, He desired her to be there, or otherwise he would not go himself, though he had given his word; not being able to pass an Hour, much less half a Day, out of her sight,

ſight, without Trouble and Diſquiet.

The fair *Clarice* conſenting to it, the *King* told her, that the *Chious* of *Tripoly's* Wife, would carry her thither; a very Honorable employ for that Lady, and which ſhe acquitted her ſelf of, like a Woman of Wit and Courage. The Entertainment was very Magnificent.

Roſtan who conſidered that day as a day of Tryumph for him, and the entire ruine of the *Queen* put all the Company in a way to divert themſelves, there was nothing but Joy and Pleaſures: The King was in the beſt Humour Imaginable; and with Reaſon, for it is ſaid to be there, that he firſt gave Proofs of his Paſſion to his Dear *Clarice*, who appeared in a Pompous and Magnificent Dreſs.

The Deſolate *Queen* did not paſs her time ſo agreeably. She was not only to bear the Grief of ſeeing her Ambition overturned; and

a Slave, who had at length got the better of her: but ſhe was likewiſe to ſupport the cruel Deſtiny of her Love. *Ibrahim* was in Priſon, and ſhe in fears of what would become of his Life: But that which Grieved, and Stung her moſt, was the Remembrance of the Affront ſhe had Received, by the Prank that that Traitor *Roſtan* had played her; and which ſhe would willingly have been Revenged of, at the Peril of her Life. In a word, Glory, Ambition, Love, all was Ruined in her; and only Death, could Comfort her in ſo much Affliction. But ſhe was not willing of her ſelf, to give that Triumph to her Enemies, and ſhe hoped, that as long as ſhe ſhould Live, ſhe ſhould be Powerful enough, or at leaſt, Ingenuous enough to repay them ſooner or later, part of the Ills they made her Suffer.

In the mean time, ſhe had not

that command of her ſelf, but that the great Diſorder there was in her heart, troubling extreamly the good diſpoſition of Her Body, ſhe fell ſick; and in a few dayes, was reduced within an Ace of the Grave. The *King* not knowing what it was to keep Reſentment againſt his greateſt Enemies, could not preſerve ſo much hatred againſt a Woman, whom he had in ſome manner loved; but that the pitty he had, to know ſhe was in that condition, brought him back to her. He was even ſo concerned at the ſight of her, and ſo moved with the ſenſible and pittyful things ſhe ſaid to him, that if this unhappy *Queen* had asked him to have abandoned his dear *Clarice*, he would without doubt have promiſe her he would; but I know not, if he would have kept his word. *Homais* more diſcreetly, asked him only; *if he would pardon what had paſt, and live with her in the ſame good underſtanding as they*

did together, for some time after their Marriage? Which the *King* granted her with more Goodness, than she could have hoped for; and likewise declared to her, in a very caressing manner, how extreamly he was grieved, and how sensible he was to see her so ill; and how joyful he should be, to see her recovered. And this assurance was so great a Cordial to that poor afflicted One, that since that Visit, her Fevour, as well as her Trouble of mind, diminished every day. The *King* came often to see her; but that was of no disadvantage to *Clarice*: On the contrary, she continually augmented in Authority and Favour; and though he had a great deal of Kindness for her, before he possessed her intirely; yet it seemed, that since this Union, his Love was become more ardent than ever; Contrary to the custome of all other Lovers, who are often sensible of the diminishing of their flames, by the degrees

grees they continue to enjoy what they love; the Habit of Pleaſures diſguſting them from that of loving ſtill the ſame thing. This *Prince*, I ſay, who paſſed for the moſt fickle of all Lovers, appeared now the moſt conſtant of all men: his Cares, his Aſſiduities, his Eagerneſſes for the faire *Clarice*, had no bounds, and he ſtill found ſome new Charme in her: From thence may be concluded, that this Maid, with her little Aire of innocence, was the moſt ſubtle Creature that ever was to have found the way to fix the *Kings* heart, who nothing pleaſed but ſhe. This did not fail to make ſome envy, and others jealous of her: But the Power ſhe had got over the *King* having inſenſibly made her haughty, ſhe came to have many Enemies; for ſhe deſpiſed thoſe ſhe was moſt obliged to: ſhe neglected *Roſtan*, to whom ſhe owed all ſhe had; and having been made *Sultana* through the Interceſſion of the General

General of the Gallyes, who was her particular Friend, ſhe fell out with him about a thing of ſmall conſequence; which cauſed ſeveral Rumours to run of her, which were not to her Advantage. There was a report, that the Admiral of *Tripoly* knew what ſtuff ſhe was made of before he gave her to the *Sultana*; that an Aga of the *Baſhawes* had found her as kind as that *Admiral* had been; and *Roſtan* likewiſe had been payed for the pains he had taken, in bringing her to *Tunis*; yet all theſe Storyes, and all the other Tempeſts, which roſe up againſt her, blew over, and rather turned to her Advantage. The King had not thoſe Delicacies of other Lovers; He had declared more than once, that in point Miſtreſſes, he loved them beſt at ſecond hand, and that he ever found enough for him to do; that is to ſay, he loved to have way made for him, and to enjoy pleaſure without pain. It

It was the *Queen*, who countenanced moſt theſe Rumours, and fomented them by the means of her Creatures; She did all ſhe could, to be reconciled with *Roſtan*; whom ſhe knew had reaſon enough to complain of *Clarice*; but ſhe was never able to effect it: *Roſtan* was not to be pacified after that manner; and he perceived what obliged the *Queen* to make thoſe Advances ſhe did. Inſomuch, that this Princeſs, having intirely loſt that great favour ſhe had formerly been in, and the *King* never ſeeing her but out of Civility; the World conſidering her but as the ſhadow of what ſhe had been; and having nothing more to comfort her, either in poynt of Glory, or in poynt of Love, *Clarice* having obtained of the *King* that *Ibrahim* ſhould be baniſhed to *Tripoly*; ſhe asked her Husband leave to make a Voyage to *Mecqua*; which he not being able to refuſe her, ſhe took with her all the Jewels,

els, and most precious Movables she had; and being imbarqued with some of her faithfullest Domesticks, she accomplished her Pilgrimage: After which, instead of returning to *Tunis*, she went directly to *Constantinople*; where her beauty, as well as her Amorous Intrigues, having at first made a great noise, the *Chronicle* sayes, that the *Mufti*, though notwithstanding his Character, and the Religious Life, he made Profession of, was no Enemy to pretty Women, fell in Love, and made Court to her; But the Memoires of this last Intrigue, are not yet come to our hands.

Thus you must be satisfied with these I put forth, as the most sincere that have been made Publick.

FINIS.